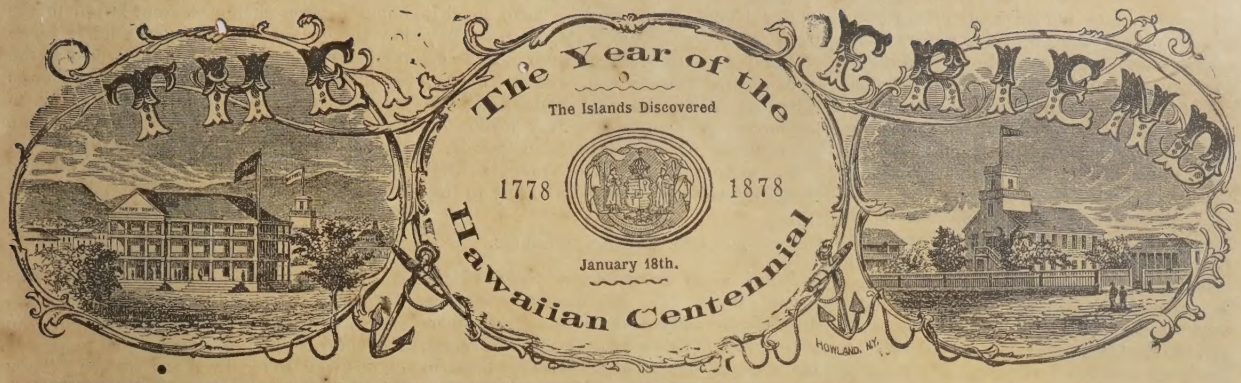

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THE FRIEND.

JULY 1. 1878.

Hon. H. A. P. Carter.—We are glad to welcome by the last steamer from San Francisco, this gentleman, who has been abroad for one year, representing the Hawaiian Government in London ann Berlin. In due time, we suppose, the public will be made acquainted with the result of his diplomatic mission.

The Coming "Fourth."

We learn from Dr. Scott, U. S. Consul, that there will be an informal celebration of the Fourth something after the following programme:

1. At sunrise, a salute of 13 guns.
2. At noon and at 6 p. m., 39 guns each from Punchbowl.
3. A picnic of American families in Pauoa Valley, near Dr. Whitney's residence. Lunch at 1 o'clock p. m.
4. Music by Mr. Berger's Band, at Emma Square, at 4 p. m.; various national airs.

Rev. Dr. Somerville, the English Evangelist.—Australian papers contain frequent notices of this gentleman's useful labors in the English Colonies. From a letter received from the Rev. Mr. Robertson, of Auckland, under date of April 2d, we copy as follows: "We had a good time with him here. He was especially helpful to believers. His travelling expenses are guaranteed by a committee in Glasgow." We trust Dr. Somerville will touch at Honolulu on his return to England.

The Morning Star, sailing for Micronesia during the past month, in addition to the ordinary annual supplies for the American and Hawaiian missionaries, took a goodly supply of the new edition of the New Testament in the language of the Gilbert Islanders. It has been reprinted in Honolulu, at the *Gazette* Office, at the expense of the American Bible Society. The revision and printing has been carried forward by Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Bingham—in fact, to them belongs the honor of having originally reduced the dialect of those Islands to a written form, and of having thus far carried forward all the publications and translations which have been made in that dialect. Although the climate will not allow Mr. Bingham to reside on those low coral islands yet, perhaps his services are now equally useful to a group of islands numbering a population of 30 or 40,000.

Rev. Dr. Storrs, of Brooklyn, as an Orator.—All our Eastern exchanges come burdened with complimentary notices of Dr. Storrs as an orator of the highest type, as exhibited in the delivery of his two lectures upon Russia and Turkey. Perhaps Dr. Holland's criticism in *Scribner* is the most polished and discriminating and laudatory. After some lengthy remarks, he adds: "We know nothing higher than this in human achievement. It is as rare as Shakespeare." Reading these various notices of the Brooklyn orator recalls to mind an event taking place in 1835, when the orator was forty-three years younger than at present. It was in his freshman year in Amherst College. We can recall the elastic step of the youth when he mounted for the first time upon the rostrum in the old chapel. His voice was most deep, rich and musical, while his delivery was exceedingly graceful. Bishop Huntington, of Central New York, was a classmate of Storrs, who also has an enviable reputation as a pulpit orator and elegant writer.

RAMBLES IN THE OLD WORLD—No. 18

THE RECENT ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF THE EMPEROR.

Could you have been in Berlin a week ago last Saturday evening, you would have found the city in a strange state of excitement. During the afternoon, about half-past three, as the Emperor was driving down the Linden, a young fellow, who had partially shielded himself behind a droschki, as the Emperor's carriage approached, shot once or twice from a revolver, and endeavored to make his escape across the avenue. The Emperor was driving, according to his wont, in an open carriage, and at his side sat his daughter, the Grand-Duchess of Baden. The would-be assassin has evidently imbibed too deeply the dangerous and revolutionary principles of the Social-Democratic party, which have already gained much ground in Germany, and whose influence can tend only to anarchy and the overthrow of all law and order. Upon the young man's person were found pamphlets in reference to the Social-Democratic movement. His story is that he was desirous of shooting himself, in order to show the extremity to which the poor are reduced by the tyranny of the rich. I scarcely imagine, however, that this story obtains much credence. After the firing of the shots the Emperor's carriage soon stopped, and the young man (a workman from Leipzig, of 20 years or so,) who was endeavouring to make his escape, was seized. The police with difficulty kept the people from having reeourse to Lynch law, so tremendous was the excitement. Some three or four shots (or, according to another account, two or three,) had been fired, but most fortunately and miraculously without producing the slightest injury.* Word of the event flew immediately all over the city, so that in an incredibly short time the space before the Palace was crowded with people to testify their enthusiastic joy at the preservation of the life of the Emperor. I happened to be at the Zoological Garden, where an open-air con-

*A second attempt has been made to assassinate the Emperor, which proved well nigh successful; but latest telegraphic reports indicate that he was gradually recovering from his wounds.

cert was being given. The National Anthem was played, and the incident of the afternoon now being known, it was received with a loud burst of applause. In the evening, in some of the places of amusement, the same enthusiastic and jubilant excitement was manifested; and for days since has the Emperor been the recipient of many and sincere evidences of the joy which Germany and the world at large feel at his preservation. The papers have been full of it. Telegrams of congratulation have poured in from all parts of Europe. Thanksgiving services have been held in various churches. A very pretty incident took place the other day. A company of school-girls appeared, as I understand, unheralded at the Palace. Waiving the usual etiquette, the Emperor received them most kindly, and as kindly accepted the gift of flowers and the laurel wreath which they had brought him. One of the most splendid spectacles I ever witnessed was the grand torchlight procession given last Friday evening by the students of the University in honor of the Emperor. There were between two and three thousand persons in the procession. The long line of young men, on foot and in carriages, marched down the "Linden" from the Pariser Platz to the Palace. The Emperor appeared on the balcony, and was received most enthusiastically. The scene was a most inspiring one as I saw it. The night was luminous with the glare of hundreds and hundreds of torches. The Linden was a sea of flame, and from the midst of this gleaming show rose, quiet and still and calm, the Palace and the great University. The effect of a German hymn sung to the stately music which is familiar to us by the name of the "Anstrian Hymn," was indescribably grand. Several bands of music led this immense chorus of rich young voices, which rose into the night air in one magnicent pæan of joy. After further demonstrations of loyalty and love, the long line passed on to another part of the city. There forming in a large circle, they threw their torches upwards into the air, which, after describing a fiery curve, fell in the center of the ring. It was in all respects a most splendid and successful tribute of respect and devotion from young Germany to its venerable and honored head and Emperor.

Berlin is looking beautifully now, and the parks in and near the city are like fairy-land. The Spring has been a most beautiful one, a perfect Carnival of sunshine and flowers and birds.

Mr. Bayard Taylor, the new American Minister, has arrived, and will prove, I am sure, a most valuable addition to the diplomatic, literary and social life of the capital. Within a few days a Legation from Morocco has arrived, bringing, as I understand, presents of value for the Emperor. Their costumes will probably excite as much interest in the streets as have those of the Chinese for some time past. Two Princesses of the Royal house, daughters of the nephew of the Emperor, have been recently betrothed, the elder to Prince Henry of the Netherlands, the younger to Prince Arthur of England, the Duke of Connaught.

Reports from the "Exposition" in Paris are most favorable. It promises to be a complete success. Should any of our Honolulu or Island people come abroad to visit Paris and other parts of Europe, I trust they will include Berlin in their tour. If I can be of any service to such visitors here, I trust they will give me the privilege of showing how sincere and genuine my love is for our beautiful Islands and for Island people.

But to return to my trip through Central Germany, which I left so abruptly in my last.

EISRNACH AND ITS MEMORIES.

I feel eager to reach a little village toward which we are hastening as the dusk of the early winter evening is gathering in the dark pine forests of Thuringia, more eager than I have been oftentimes in entering some of the world's greatest cities and capitals. For there is a stronger charm which draws us to this quiet village than any which the old legendary spirits which dwelt in the heart of the German forests were fabled to exert on unwary travelers, that of the name of the great reformer, Martin Luther. It is a little strange that one who swept away saints and shrines should have himself unconsciously been creating new shrines where Protestant pilgrims should love to come and trace the steps and life-work of one who stands in the foremost rank of those holy men of all ages, who have left the memory of their lives and deeds as a precious legacy to the true Catholic Church. The Thuringian forest is among the most beautiful regions of Germany—a fitting home for many of the stirring events which have been enacted in the towns and villages which it embraces within its limits. Nearly four hundred years have passed since Martin Luther was born in Eisleben, in Saxony, the soon of poor, hard working mining people, who little dreamed of the kingly place their son was to hold in the annals of all time; he "whose light was to flame as the beacon over long centuries and epochs of the world." Yet never more grandly and heroically has the miner's son, the triumphant Reformer, appeared than he does to-day at the close of these four centuries. I have felt it a peculiar privilege to be able to visit scenes associated with his daily life, which seem in some woudrous manner to be instinct with his great presence.

But the evening lamps have been lighted in the quiet homes of Eisenach long since, and the night has closed in on the forests, while I have been detaining you. Our hotel is near the station, just outside the old gates of the town. To-night it is too late to see the places which we have come especially to visit, and we take instead a walk through the village. We have the streets quite to ourselves—the streets up and down which Luther often passed so long ago.

EXCURSION TO WARTBURG CASTLE.

With the clear, grey-tinted light of the next morning, we were ready for our excursion to the WARTBURG, a castle which rises as sentinel above the town. We find the town no longer the silent place of last night. The market-place by the old church is full of busy buyers and sellers, the women wearing an odd kind of cloak or mantle. Just beyond the church is situated the old house where once lived Frau Ursula Cotta, whose home became such a pleasant haven to the boy Luther. From his father's lowly home the peasant boy had come to study at the school in Eisenach. With other boys he was accustomed to sing carols from house to house, thus eking out a scanty living. One day, as he stood before the house of good Frau Cotta, her motherly heart warmed towards the wan, desolate little figure, and she brought him in, and shortly after he came to be one of the family. It is the simplest of simple incidents, but beautiful as an episode in the life of one who was to act as the foremost man of his age. You are shown the room where young Martin, who was choir boy in the church which we passed on our way hither, lived and studied. They show you—but this must be taken with some reservation—the cloak he used to wear, far back, some three or four hundred years ago. May there always be kind, loving Frau Cottas in the world to bring sunshine into lonely lives! You cannot help feeling that this lady must have been a helpful, cheery member of the little Eisenach circle in which she lived. It is easy to picture her as mistress of this spacious house, about which she probably moved as a thrifty, careful housewife. There is nothing to see within but the Luther room, to which I have before referred. Not very far away from this interesting landmark of the olden time is the house where John Sebastian Bach was born in 1685,—one of the greatest of musical composers. Though there is nothing now shown but this house in connection with the great musician, it is pleasant to have been permitted to see where his earliest days were passed. One always feels a loving sympathy for the poor little fellow who was forbidden certain pieces of music for which he longed with all his heart, and one night "stole the book containing them, and copied them in his own room by moonlight." He who has ever enjoyed the rare pleasure of listening to the sublime music of Bach's "Passion Music," one of the most remarkable creations in the whole range of musical composition, must feel that here, in this old Eisenach house, was born one of the sovereigns in the realm of sacred music. Lately, in Berlin, I have heard for the first time this remarkable composition. It must have been written by a man beneath whose art lay the principle of a devout and reverent faith. Retracing our steps, we find the road which leads to the summit of the Wartburg, the goal of our day's excursion. We have seen much, and found food for thought for many days in the little town below, but the Castle is, after all, the real goal of our wanderings. Our road winds here and there, always upward. We pause for just a moment to glance at the church on the hill-side and the cross-marked graves which lie in its shadow. The snow lies in scattered patches on the withered grass. The sweet, clear morning air is delicious, the best of tonics. As our path advances the outlook increases in extent. We see wide reaches of undulating country covered with forests—the fragrant evergreen forests of Thuringia. Now, a few moments more of good climbing and we are on the summit, and safe in the guardian presence of the old mediæval Schloss. Very few of the old castles of Germany offer more of in-

terest to the visitor than this. It was founded long, long ago, when the world was eight hundred years younger than it is now, and was the home of the Landgrave of Thuringia. It is visited now and then by the Grand-Duke of Weimar, to whom it belongs. Much has been done to restore its ancient character, so that the modern visitor in these stately castle halls and turret towers feels he has entered a world where the minstrelsy and romantic and warlike character of the middle ages is for a time renewed; in short, "the object of the restoration has been to present to us a faithful picture of the castle in the 12th century, its most glorious era, when it was occupied by the art-loving Landgraves, and was the scene of the contests of the greatest mediæval German poets; where, too, Martin Luther, at the beginning of the 16th century, found an asylum, and where the mighty struggle for religious liberty took its rise." We were shown a large hall, the "Sangersaal," in which the "contest between the rival singers of Germany is said to have taken place" in those days when knights and troubadours were the heroes of the land, an incident which the great German musical composer Wagner has interwoven with his splendid opera of "Tannhäuser," and of which the English poet "Owen Meredith" sings in his beautiful poem, "Tannhäuser; or, the Battle of the Bards." How vividly the opening words of this latter poem bring the days and scenes of which I am speaking before us:

"This is the Land, the happy valleys these,
Broad breadths of plain, blue-vein'd by many a stream,
Umbrageous hills, sweet glades and forests fair,
O'er which our good liege, Landgrave Herman, rules,
This is Thuringia: yonder on the heights,
Is Wartburg, seat of our dear lord's abode,
Famous through Christendom for many a feat
Of deftest knights, chief stars of chivalry
At tourney in its courts; nor more renowned
For deeds of prowess than exploits of art
Achieved when, vocal in its Muse's hall,
The minstrel-knights their glorious jousts renew
And for the laurel wage harmonious war."

One must indeed be of a most stubbornly unimaginative spirit not to feel the poetic effect of the legends and traditions which adorn this old castle. Many rooms are opened to us, some decorated in the most brilliant manner. One gallery, the "Elizabeth Gallery," brings to our remembrance the pure and beautiful life of a pious lady who once lived in this castle on the Wartburg, and whose piety and noble, generous life won for her the title of St. Elizabeth. She was the wife of one of the Thuringian Landgraves, and devoted her life to holy living, so that her name came to be loved and cherished throughout the land, and after her death, at the early age of twenty-three, pilgrims from all parts of Europe visited her shrine at Marburg. Of her this legend has come down to us, which I am going to give as Elsé tells it in the "Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family": "The good Landgravine's husband did not quite like her giving so much to the poor, because she was so generous that she would have left the treasury bare, so she used to give her alms unknown to him. But on this day, when she was giving away those loaves to the beggars at the castle gate, he happened suddenly to return, and finding her occupied in this way, he asked her rather severely what she had in her apron. She said, 'Roses!' 'Let me see,' said the Langrave. And God loved her so much that, to save her from being blamed, he wrought a miracle. When she opened her apron, instead of the loaves she had been distributing there were beautiful flowers." I am afraid, sweet Saint Elizabeth, that Protestant moralists might find much in this legend to frown at. Perhaps so; but they cannot take from this old castle on the hill the fragrance of your gentle and devoted life, and I would fain add your name to that list of noble, saintly women who have been the brightest ornaments o our race, who have brought for our needs and wants, for our hunger of body and soul, both bread and roses!

Though there is so much to claim our attention in what I have been endeavoring to tell you, we have not as yet reached the principal point in the castle. We have seen banqueting halls, long galleries, ancient arms and armor, and stood under the gothic arches of the chapel, but there is one little room which we find in one of the towers worth more than them all. I may run the risk of being called a sentimental relic-hunter, but I must confess there was an irresistible fascination for me in this little old room and in the various articles used by Martin Luther while living on the Wartburg. There is something tangible about them, something in them which seems to stamp with reality the great story which before has been to you vague and distant.

It was here that Luther lived for a time, and here it was that he began the translation of the Bible into German, a labor which resulted in incalculable good, not only for Germany, but it may be truly said for the most remote nations of modern times. Many years had passed before his arriving here since the sweet-voiced choir boy had found a home under the hospitable roof of good Frau Cotta. Upon what wild, stormy times had he entered! Then had followed the student days at Erfurt, the brilliant promise of which seemed for a time cut short by his entrance upon monastic vows and a cloister life. What vigils and fastings and fierce spiritual conflicts had the walls of the Augustinian Convent in Erfurt witnessed! He had removed to Wittenberg, and there entered upon his duties in the University. Rome, the "Eternal City," had been visited, and there the light which had been slowly dawning upon his soul gained brightness, and already had arisen in his heart the "day-spring" of the Reformation. Slowly had the elements been forming for that mighty contest into which he plunged with all the might of his great nature. The world still rings with the echoes of that grand bugle blast which he sounded in the battle against priestly wrong and Papal oppression, against the leagued forces which were darkening the world. Inch by inch had he fought his way through the wilderness, until he saw the Promised Land, lighted with the sunshine of eternal truth. Never had the world seen such a contest, and yet he had not quailed. He had nailed his Theses to the doors of the church at Wittenberg, and had burned the Papal bull. There was a stirring in the land; a nation was looking with wistful longing to this new deliverer, who was to break their chains and to tell them to walk forth as free men. How the story grows and gathers strength as you read of its onward sweep! History offers nothing more grandly sublime than the stand the Reformer took at the Diet of Worms. The splendor of imperial and ecclesiastical power arrayed itself against this apostle of truth, and armed with no weapon but that of an unwavering faith in his God-given purpose, he swept all before him. But his triumph rendered his opponents only the more inimical. He was placed under the ban of the Empire, and for the moment the great wheels of progress seem to pause. Even while a breathless, expectant world was awaiting with straining gaze the next turn of affairs, he who was the acknowledged leader of the movement suddenly and mysteriously disappeared. But this seeming pause was in reality but another step towards the final victory.

At a time when it seemed as if the brave and fearless Reformer was deserted by the world and the church, there were not lacking after all those who ministered to his needs. Secretly and swiftly was he conveyed to this Thuringian fortress belonging to the Elector of Saxony, and this little upper chamber which we were privileged to visit became his secure hiding place, his "Patmos" as he called it, until it was safe to come forth once more. Here he lived for months under the name of "Squire George," and busied himself with the translation of the Bible from the original into German. The room in which he lived is but little altered. Here still stands the table where he wrote, his bed and many interesting reminders of his daily life. Still is shown the stain on the wall where he is said to have thrown his inkstand at the Tempter. It was here that weary and worn with the excitement of past years, fresh from the tremendous efforts at the Diet of Worms, that he underwent at times such fierce mysterious spiritual contests as few human beings have known. Hallowed indeed seems every nich of the little apartment where in loneliness and oftentimes, over shadowing darkness and gloom this great soul fought and struggled onwards toward the light. On the wall hangs his portrait, a strong and powerful face. You feel almost as if you were in his actual presence! From this high watch tower how the Reformer must have swept the horizon of that world which he had for the time being left, and seen perhaps dimly but with unwavering faith the light of that sun which was to disperse its shadows. In those long months he tarried here, what lessons there must have been in the changing seasons in this fair Thuringian land, in its crimson dawns, and purple-shadowed twilights, in all its varied beauty for him whose great and loving heart and poetic soul seem at all times so wonderfully in communion with Nature! But, as we all know, this fortress-home did not always claim him. From his obscurity he went forth once more into the heat of the battle, appearing again in the midst of his flock at Wittenberg, to cheer and comfort and strengthen and to advance the work for which he was destined. Nor must we, pilgrims of this later time, tarry longer here, but go forward on our way to other shrines and scenes which are waiting for us, but which can never cause us to forget what we have already seen.

F. W. Damon.

39 Behren Strasse, Berlin, May 21, 1878

THE FRIEND.

JULY 1, 1878.

June Anniversaries and School Examinations in Honolulu.

We sincerely regret that our limited space prevents us from publishing a full report of our anniversaries and examinations occurring during the month of June. We have first, the general meeting of the Hawaiian Evangelical Association, with delegates from all the Islands; second, Ladies' Strangers' Friend Society; third, British Benevolent Society; fourth, the Missionary Children's Society. A. Pratt, Esq., as the retiring President, delivered the annual address, which was able and interesting.

During the month, the school examinations are interspersed with pleasing variety. It was our privilege to attend the Royal School, Fort Street Public School, the Kawaiahao Female Boarding School, and that at Oahu College. They were all most interesting.

OAHU COLLEGE.

The closing of all these examinations by "Graduating Exercises of the class of '78 of Oahu College, at Fort Street Church, on the evening of June 20th," was most fitting and satisfactory. The people of Honolulu may well congratulate themselves in having among them a corps of able and efficient teachers in all their public and private schools. The standard of education is high, and still rising. If any child belonging to a native or foreign family in Honolulu grows up in ignorance, the fault may be laid at his or the parents' door. Schools are abundant and ably conducted, and well sustained by both Governmental and private support.

The following is the Order of Examinations at Oahu College, Punahou, 1878:

Monday, June 17.—9.15 a. m., Physiology; 9.55 a. m., English Grammar; 10.35 a. m, 2d Analysis; 11.15 a. m., 2d Arithmetic; 1 p. m., 1st Arithmetic; 1.35 p. m., Geography; 2.05 p. m., 2d Harkness.

Tuesday, June 18.—9.15 a. m., 2d Algebra; 9.55 a.m., Cæsar; 10.35 a. m., 1st Analysis; 11.15 a. m., Cicero; 1 p. m., Natural Philosophy; 1.35 p. m., Science of Government; 2 05 p.m., Geometry.

Wednesday, June 19.—9.15 a.m., Natural History; 9.55 a.m., 1st Algebra; 10.35 a. m., Homer; 11.15 a. m., Mental Philosophy; 1 p. m., Virgil; 1.30 p. m., Moral Philosophy.

The following is the Catalogue of Pupils at Oahu College during 1877-78:

A Alexander, W Alexander, F Armstrong, L Atwater, H Auld, B Austin, W Austin, E Baldwin, C Baldwin, M Baldwin, W Bailey, J Bishop, C Booth, F Booth, J Booth, J Brown, F Carter, J Coney, H Chamberlain, W Dimond, P Ford, H Frear, W Frear, J Gilman, J Holt, H Hyde, H Judd, W Kinney, J Lewis, W Love, Fred Lyman, Frank Lyman, W McDougall, H McGrew, F McIntyre, J Morgan, G Mundon, T Nathaniel, D Pierce, C Stillman, O White, G Wilder, F Wood, A Young.

L Adams, M Babcock, W Baldwin, J Beckwith, D Bishop, I Booth, M Bruns, H Chamberlain, G Colcord, K Dickson, P Dowsett, S Emmes, E Emmes, R Frear, C Gilman, M Greene, H Hillebrand, M Hillebrand, M Hopper, H Judd, E Judd, S King, L Lydgate, E Lyman, K McIntyre, K Mossman, A Nalimu, A Nott, A Peterson, T Rives, M Richardson, N Richardson, J Taner, K Torbert, A West, K Wetmore, L Wetmore, F Wight, I Willfong, M Wilder, E Whitney, L Williams, A Young.

Graduating Exercises of Oahu College in Fort Street Church in the evening, June 20th, with instrumental music by the Band, under Mr. Berger's leadership:

Chorus, "Farewell," *Mendelssohn.* Invocation. Quartette, "A Serenade," *Marschner.* Oration, "The Gods of the Homeric Greeks," John S. Bishop. Essay, "Recreation and Rest," Nellie N. Richardson. Melody, "Fishermen's Song," *Lange.* Essay, "Dux Femina Facti," Lily Lydgate. Essay, "Progress," Kate W. Wetmore. Quartette, "It is by God ordained," *Mendelssohn.* Essay, "Echoes," Kate Mossman. Essay, "The Forget-me-nots of the Angels" with Valedictory), Julie Beckwith. Quartette, "The Last Rose of Summer," *Martha.* Presentation of Diplomas. Ballad, "On the Sea," *Schubert.*

Board of Trustees: Hon S N Castle, Hon. C R Bishop, Rev H H Parker, P C Jones, S C Damon, D D, Rev W Frear, J P Cooke, W D Alexander, C M Hyde, D D, Hon E O Hall, Hon C C Harris, Hon H A P Carter, Hon A F Judd.

Examining Committee: Hon A F Judd, C M Hyde, D D, Prof D D Baldwin, C J Lyons.

A Clerical Company of Passengers.—The last Australian steamer appears to have conveyed to San Francisco a goodly company of divines, representing several denominations, viz., the Rev. Dr. Miller, a Presbyterian clergyman, from Melbourne; the Rev. Dr. Smith, a Methodist divine of high standing in England and the Colonies; his Lordship a Catholic Bishop and his secretary, from New Caledonia; an Episcopal clergyman, name not reported; a Quaker brother, by the name of Davis, who is reported in the *Advertiser* as having preached on board, to the manifest delight of all. To this company Honolulu contributed the Rev. Dr. Eells, of Oakland, returning from a delightful visit to the volcano, and whose brief sojourn in Honolulu afforded him an opportunity to preach in the Bethel and Fort Street, to the delight of full congregations

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☞ We would acknowledge copies of the Chicago *Prairie Farmer*, containing interesting letters from the pen of Judge Caton, on the Agriculture of the Hawaiian Islands.

A Comparative Polynesian Dictionary.—The Earl of Carnarvon has promised, on behalf of the Colonial Office, an annual grant towards the expense of printing this important dictionary, for which Mr. Whitmee has collected material for the preparation of a Comparative Grammar of Nine of the Principal Dialects included in the Dictionary. These will be compared with the languages of Western Polynesia (Melanesia), with those of the western groups north of the Equator (Micronesia), and also with those of the Malay Archipelago and Madagascar. Mr. Whitmee has edited and is passing through the press a Grammar and Dictionary of the Samoan Dialect, by the Rev. G. Pratt, which will shortly be published by Messrs. Trübner and Co., Ludgate Hill, London. The works will be published by subscription. Names of subscribers to be forwarded to Mr. Whitmee, 5, Dacre Park, Blackheath, London, S. E., or to Messrs. Trübner and Co., 57 and 59, Ludgate Hill.—*Trubner's American and Oriental Literary Record, for May*, 1878.

Gigantic Sugar Enterprise.—The man who causes one spear of grass to grow where none grew before is honored as a benefactor. According to reports, Mr. Spreckles, from California, is now setting on foot an enterprise to produce 40,000 tons of sugar on the dry and sandy plains lying between East and West Maui. Water is to be brought from the streams emptying into the sea on the northern side of Maui, lying between Haiku and Hana. The "ditch" recently dug by Haiku Plantation has been styled the "Big Ditch," but now we are to have a "Bigger Ditch." Capital and labor are to be brought from California. Success to the enterprise, involving an outlay of a million dollars. Surely the Treaty is mutually benefitting both America and Hawaii.

Rev. Mr. Hallock.—By the last steamer arrived Mr. Hallock, pastor of the Congregational Church in Winsted, Ct. He is a grandson of the famous Rev. Moses Hallock, of Plainfield, Mass., whose piety and fame as a teacher are so widely known in New England. He is reported to have "fitted" for college more than one hundred students, who studied in his family, while he was pastor of the church in Plainfield. Our visitor is now on a trip to Maui and Hawaii, and is expected to return to Honolulu in season to occupy the pulpit of Fort Street Church next Sabbath evening.

We copy the following from the *Chicago Advance*:—"Rev. Dr. Corwin, of Jacksonville, gave a fresh impulse to temperance in Danvers last week by one of his illustrated, argumentative, never-to-be-forgotten speeches, holding a large audience in hand an hour, alternating between tears and laughter."

EDITOR'S TABLE.

CYPRUS: ITS ANCIENT CITIES, TOMBS AND TEMPLES. By General L. P. Di Cesnola. With Maps and Illustrations. (Harper & Brothers, N. Y. 1878.)

Among new books at Whitney & Robertson's, we notice General Cesnola's new work upon Cyprus. For years the newspapers have kept the reading public informed respecting the explorations which have been carried on in that island. This volume contains a full report of what has been accomplished. The volume is most profusely, sumptuously, artistically and elegantly illustrated in the Harper's best style of printing and binding.

A glance over this boautiful volume is the next privilege to a visit to the island, where it was our privilege to touch on a passage along the southern shores of Asia Minor, in the month of January, 1870. Reading this volume reminds us of our visit to Lanarka, where General Cesnola was U. S. Consul for ten years. As the official duties of the Consul were not over burdensome, he found ample time to cross and recross the island in all directions, and personally examined ten thousand old tombs and many sites of old temples. The vast quantities of his discoveries and collections now make up the Metropolitan Museum of New York, besides more or less enriching the British Museum, the Louvre of Paris, and the Museums of Germany.

On page 206, he refers to Dr. Friedrichs, of the Berlin Museum, with whom it was our privilege to spend several days on a voyage from Joppa to Athens. In referring to our Journal, we find the following paragraphs:

"When the Apostle Paul, accompanied by the Evangelist Luke, made their voyage from Palestine to Rome, as recorded in the closing chapters of the Book of Acts, the historian Luke remarks, 'We sailed under Cyprus.' When making *our* passage from Palestine to Rome, eighteen hundred years subsequently, we too sailed, or rather *steamed* under Cyprus, and came to anchor in the beautiful bay of Lanarka, on the southeast shore. Our steamer entered the harbor or roadstead before daylight on the morning of January 5th, 1870, after a passage of twelve hours from Beirut. It is a beautiful bay. The surrounding country appears hilly, and in the distance mountains of moderate size rise above the hills. At present the hills appear exceedingly barren and destitute of verdure. Our vessel came to anchor in clear and smooth water, about one-eighth of a mile from the landing place. We found here an American Consul, General L. P. Di Cesnola. He is an Italian by birth, but was a General in the late war, and is married to a New York lady. He received this appointment at the close of the war. The salary is only $1,000 per annum, but most fortunately for the General he has succeeded in making some of the most valuable discoveries of ancient tombs, and from these he has taken relics which are of great value historically and archæologically. These discoveries relate to a remote period when the Phœnicians held the island. Some of these are of an Egyptian type, while others are of Babylonian, Grecian and Roman type; hence historically they are of great value. Already has General Cesnola opened about three thousand tombs. From these he has taken a great number of specimens of pottery, sculpture, and gems set in gold. We were favored with the privilege of seeing all these specimens, which will very soon be removed to the British Museum and the Royal Museum of Munich.

"We have as fellow passenger on board the *Hungaria*, Professor Friedrichs, from Berlin, who ranks among the most learned of Europe in matters pertaining to ancient archæology. He has lectured on Grecian and Roman antiquities in the German Universities, but is now employed as curator of the Museum at Munich. His opinion is of great authority in all matters pertaining to the antiquity of statues, coins, gems, &c. He has purchased for the Museum of Munich the choicest specimens of General Cesnola's collection. Professor Friedrichs has given us much interesting information respecting the antiquities of Cyprus and the value of these discoveries."

Latest News per the "Almy."

By the arrival of this vessel, having made the passage in thirteen days from San Francisco, news has been received to the 16th of June.

DEATH OF W. C. BRYANT.—The death of America's great poet and life-long editor, occurred on the 12th ult., and his funeral would take place four days subsequently.

ON the Y. M. C. A. page will be found the poem "Thanatopsis," which first gave Mr. Bryant a world-wide fame as a poet of the first-class. He was born in Cummington, Mass., Nov. 3d, 1794, and was therefore nearly 84 years of age.

THE GREAT CONGRESS had assembled at Berlin on the 12th, and Prince Bismarck was chosen President.

THE EMPEROR WILLIAM'S health has been so far restored, that he would be removed to Babelburg.

THE Emperor, on the 11th of June, celebrated the 49th anniversary of his marriage.

ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRY.—A manufacturer of "matches," by the name of Frederick Vehling, has for several months been manufacturing an excellent match, and has so far succeeded that he is continually enlarging his operations. He is now sawing out "card matches," and thinks he can compete with those imported from abroad. Specimens we have seen and used are of an excellent quality. Most earnestly we hope he may be successful. He is established on Liliha Street, and works with horse-power.

MARINE JOURNAL.

PORT OF HONOLULU, S. I.

ARRIVALS.

May 25—H I German Majesty's corvette Leipzig, Captain Paschen, 25 days from Guaymas, Mexico.
26—Am 3-masted schr Wm L Beebee, Eschen, 12 days from San Francisco
27—Am schr Sea Nymph, Brown, 17 days fm San Fran
29—Brit brig Storm Bird, Jackson, 39 days fm Ponape
June 2—Am bk Buena Vista, Keller, 26 days fm Port Townsend.
3—Am Stmr Wilmington, Fuller, 8 days from San Francisco.
8—Brit bk Madura, Stanton, 28 days from Jarvis Is
8—Am bk D C Murray, Frost, 14 days from San Fran
10—Am bk Moonbeam, Dunbar, 80 dys fm Buenos Ayres
11—P M S City of New York, Cobb, 20 days fm Sydney
11—Am bktn Jos Perkins, Johnson, 18 days fm Port Townsend
12—Haw bk Surprise, Curtis, 54 days from Newcastle
13—Raietia schr Vivid, Sweet, 10 days fm Fanning's Is
16—Am bktn Discovery, Winding, 14 days fm San Fran
17—Am bktn Malay, Foster, 23 days fm Burrard's Inlet
17—Haw bk Kalakaua, Trask, 57 days from Sydney
18—P M SS Australia, Cargill, 8 days from San Fran
23—Am bk Camden, Robinson, from Port Gamble.
28—Am bktne Jane A Falkinburg, Hubbard, — days from Portland.

DEPARTURES.

May 27—H B M S Daring, Com John G J Hanmer, for cruise
29—Am schr Isabel, Walker, for San Francisco
June 1—H I German Majesty's corvette, Leipzig, Capt Paschen, for Japan.
1—Haw bk Iolani, Garrels, for San Francisco.
1—Costa Rica bk Victoria, Hopp, for Victoria
9—H B M S Daring, John G J Hanmer, for Victoria
10—Am missionary brig Morning Star, Bray, for Micronesia
11—P M S City of New York, Cobb, for San Francisco
13—Am bk Mystic Belle, Davis, for San Francisco
13—Am bk Buena Vista, for Port Gamble
16—Am bk Moonbeam, Dunbar, for Guano Islands
18—P M SS Australia, Cargill, for Auckland & Sydney
18—Haw bk Mattie Macleay, Pope, for Portland
19—P M SS Wilmington, Fuller, for San Francisco
19—Am bktn Jos Perkins, Johnson, for Puget Sound
22—Am bk D C Murray, Frost, for San Francisco.
27—bktne Malay, Foster, Victoria, B C

PASSENGERS.

FOR SAN FRANCISCO—Per City of New York, June 11—H Fischer and wife, A Brown and wife, A B Gould, Dr A Kennedy, W H Bailey and wife, Miss S K Gray. Capt G C Williams, C T Hopkins and wife, Rev Dr Eells, Hon D P Eells, C J Gardner, A W Peirce, A McIntyre, Miss McIntyre, D Y Campbell, Miss Campbell, L H Lichtenstein, Miss J K Pogue, C M Cooke, wife and 2 children, J B Atherton, Miss C F Atherton, Mrs Sullivan and daughter, H Wright, W A Maine, E Moller, A Whitlock, E Manuel, J Miller, M Maguyre, W Powell, C Lerch, Miss M Connell, Koo Yee, Chung Hoo

FROM FANNING'S ISLAND—Per Vivid, June 11—H English, A J Kinney, A Wiggins, J C Martin

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—Per Discovery, June 15—H Robinson, J H Simpson, and 2 in steerage

FROM BURRARD'S INLET—Per Malay, June 17—Mrs J W Foster, Miss R Patterson

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—Per Australia, June 18—Hon H A P Carter and son, Mrs T H Rouse, Miss Fannie Rouse, A Kellehar, wife and son, Dr H S Gates, C A Chapin, wife and family, 2 Misses Makee. Rev L H Hallock, Mrs Perry and family, Robert Purvis and family, A Purvis, A Mailliard, A Lorange, Jas D Lee, James Bryant and family, A S Pinkham, C Hedemann and wife, N Solomon, Ed J Costello, and 39 in steerage including 24 Chinese

FOR SAN FRANCISCO—Per Wilmington, June 19—Wm W Hall and wife, Miss L White, O White, H Hart and wife, H F McDowell, O T Tilson, W A Swan, Rev W Frear, W Hesey, E J W Radell, J Graham, Mr Bannelster, Z S Spalding.

FOR SAN FRANCISCO—Per D C Murray, June 22—J F Barker, Miss V Crooker, F N Palmer.

FOR VICTORIA, B C—Per Malay, June 27—Mr and Mrs J W Hunter, Miss R Patterson, Mrs Foster, A A Bell.

MARRIED.

BOW—CHOW—In this city, June 27, by Rev S C Damon, LEN BOW, (nephew of the merchant Luke Asiau), to TIN CHOW, a pupil from the German Mission School in Honolulu.

LONG—KEAO—In this city, June 11, by Rev S C Damon, TONG LONG, (nephew of the merchant, Goo Kim), to LI SEE KEAO, a pupil from the German Mission School in Honolulu.

DIED.

MCBRYDE—At Brydeswood, Wahiawa, Kauai, on Thursday, May 16th, DUNCAN MCBRYDE, a native of Argylshire, Scotland. Aged 52 years.

KELLETT—At Wainiha, Kauai, May 28, RICHARD THOMAS KELLETT, eldest son of the late Richard John Kellett. Aged about 40 years.

RAMOND—In this city, June 7th, M RAMOND, an old resident of these islands. Mr Ramond was with the French Exploring Expedition of 1838, and was a Frenchman by birth.

CUNHA—In this city, June 15th, LEILIE THERESA, infant daughter of Mr and Mrs E S Cunha, aged 2 months.

Letter from China.

We have received an interesting letter from the Rev. R. Lechler, German missionary at Hong Kong. Nearly one hundred Christian Chinese, men, women and children, came per the *Auguste*, which arrived here about the first of January. These Christian Chinese had been under the influence and instruction of the German missionaries, who continue to feel and express a deep interest in their converts, who have come to reside and labor on the Hawaiian Islands :

HONGKONG, 22d April, 1878.

Rev. S. C. Damon—Your favor of the 6th February was duly received with a number of letters from my friends there. We were not a little comforted to hear that it had pleased God, to bring the *Auguste* and all her passengers safely to Honolulu. I desire to thank you most cordially for your kind letter, and for all the kindness you and others have shown to our people. We rejoiced to hear that the wedding between Joseph Ten-syan and Lai Tet-Sin has come off so nicely. I hope she will be a good mother to the two children of Joseph. Or are they continuing in the school with that kind lady in whose charge he gave them when he left for China. I am also obliged for the copy of the FRIEND you kindly sent me. I have sent it and previous numbers on to Europe, as people at home are greatly interested in the fate of the Chinese Christians, who emigrate to the Sandwich Islands. I shall always be greatly obliged for any printed communication referring to what is being done for the Chinese in your quarters.

There has been some agitation here against emigration to Honolulu, on the plea that letters had been received from there by Chinese complaining of hard labor, and of being forced to make a contract. I gave six of my letters, in which no complaint had been mentioned, to the *China Mail*, and the editor printed them to show that the Christians did not complain of anything. Two steamers had been stopped on account of this agitation, and great loss been inflicted on the parties concerned. The other letters containing the above mentioned complaints were received subsequently. I have written a Chinese letter to my people in Roman characters, and besides I got my teachers to write, one a letter on money matters, and the other who is Catechist a letter on doctrine and general subjects concerning them. I also send them a copy of a poem which describes the famine now devastating the North of China so fearfully. It is said that 70 per cent. are perishing from want of food. The people are now eating earth, to satisfy the cravings of the stomach, but thereby only prolong their sufferings, as death is inevitable. Whole villages are deserted. The dead are unburied, and sickness must follow in the wake of this dreadful famine.

The Lord is visiting China with his judgment,—may many be turned from sin and darkness, to take refuge in the living God. In Canton a whirlwind has caused great destruction. Entire streets were blown down, and thousands of people buried under the ruins. In a school there were eighty lads at their lessons, and none were saved. A tailor with ten assistants was buried in his shop; and numbers of boats were also smashed.

Yours sincerely, R. LECHLER.

The foregoing letter affords the pleasing evidence of the abiding interest which this faithful missionary cherishes towards his people. We feel confident the Chinese laborers by the *Auguste* were by far the most promising and hopeful company ever landed upon these Islands. So far as we have learned respecting their conduct in Honolulu, Kohala and the Hilo district, they have fully sustained their good reputation.

We regret exceedingly that any injurious report should ever have gone back to China; but it only shows the importance of those who act in this business conducting it with fairness and honesty. It is a point to which we would call the attention of the Board of Immigration. It is our firm belief that if the Board will send a proper Commissioner to China, and confer with the German missionaries, as well as the authorities, much good might be accomplished. Furthermore, we are confident China is the proper country from which laborers are to be obtained for these Islands. Has not the time arrived for a Chinese Consul to be sent to Honolulu? Chinese Consuls have recently been sent to San Francisco and other cities in the United States.

Origin of an Oft-sung Hymn.

It is always with peculiar interest that we note the origin of hymns and the occasion which suggested their composition. The following notice of the hymn commencing

"Blest be the tie that binds,"

is from a publication of American Sunday School Union. The author, the Rev. Dr. Fawcett, was a distinguished Baptist clergyman of England, born 1739, and died 1817:

After he had been preaching for a few years, his salary seemed to be too small to provide for the wants of his family, and he thought it was his duty to accept a call to become the pastor of a church in London, to succeed the learned Dr. Gill, the author of the well-kmown commentary on the Bible.

He had preached his farewell sermon to the people in Wainsgate, and five or six wagons were loaded with his goods, furniture and books, to move them to London. But the members of his poor church were almost heart-broken. Fervently did they pray that Mr. Fawcett might not leave them, and as the time for leaving came, men, women and children clung around him and his family in deep sorrow of soul. As the last wagon was being loaded, the good minister and his wife sat down on one of the packed boxes to weep with the sorrowing members of the church, over what seemed to them the necessity of parting. Looking into his tearful face, while her own was bathed in tears, his devoted wife said, "Oh, John, I cannot bear this; I know not how to leave these friends!" "Nor I either," answered the good man, "nor will we go! Unload the wagons, and put everything in place again. Tell the London church I cannot come." And he resumed his labors among the poor people of his former parish, on a salary of scarcely $300 a year. It was following this incident in 1772 that the Rev. John Fawcett wrote the beautlful hymn on Christian union :

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christism love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

* * * *

"When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again"

Sermon on Foreign Missions.

The Rev. H. Bingham preached the annual Foreign Missionary sermon in Fort Street Church, Sabbath evening, June 16th, taking for his text the words of our Saviour, as recorded in Mark xvi., 15 16, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned." We think no hearer present could have been otherwise than favorably impressed with the careful preparation which the reverend speaker had made, and with the honest effort on his part to exhibit the plain meaning of the text, as uttered by our Saviour. The sentiments of the preacher respecting the guilt of the heathen and their salvation without the Gospel, would not harmonise with those of Canon Farrar or the Rev. H. W. Beecher. We think, however, Mr Bingham's exegesis and interpretation were as Scriptural, if not as philosophical and sentimental, as those speaking in Westminster Abbey or Plymouth Church. From our acquaintance with the theological opinions and religious belief of English, American and other missionaries to heathen lands, both Protestant and Catholic, we have never known one who did not entertain views similar to those entertained by Mr. Bingham, uttered in Fort Street Church, Sabbath evening, June 16th. The noble army of European and American missionaries who have during this century made their crusade upon the heathen nations of Asia, Africa and the islands of the sea, have not entertained doubtful and loose views upon the great and fundamental doctrines of the Gospel, including that of the future destiny of all passing out of this world unreconciled to a God of infinite love, whether they lived in heathen or Christian lands. Foreign missionaries may have their foibles and defects, but unless sound in their theological opinions and religious sentiments, rest assured they will never go out upon their life-work; and if their minds become clouded and their opinions unsettled upon the *fundamentals*, they will abandon their work and seek some other calling. In order to face the foe, the missionary must go forth clad in the whole armor of God, as described by Paul in his Epistle to the Ephesians, and to *stand*, as the Apostle uses that word, the foreign missionary must have his "loins girt about with truth."

Places of Worship.

SEAMEN'S BETHEL—Rev. S. C. Damon, Chaplain, King street, near the Sailors' Home. Preaching at 11 A. M. Seats free. Sabbath School before the morning service. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evenings at 7½ o'clock.

FORT STREET CHURCH—Rev. W. Frear, Pastor, corner of Fort and Beretania streets. Preaching on Sundays at 11 A. M. and 7½ P. M. Sabbath School at 10 A. M.

KAWAIAHAO CHURCH—Rev. H. H. Parker, Pastor, King street, above the Palace. Services in Hawaiian every Sunday at 9½ A. M. and 3 P. M.

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH—Under the charge of Rt. Rev. Bishop Maigret, assisted by Rev. Father Hermann; Fort street, near Beretania. Services every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 2 P. M.

KAUMAKAPILI CHURCH—Rev. M. Kuaea, Pastor, Beretania street, near Nuuanu. Services in Hawaiian every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 2½ P. M.

THE ANGLICAN CHURCH—Bishop, the Rt. Rev. Alfred Willis, D. D.; Clergy, Rev. Rob't Dunn, M. A., Rev. Alex. Mackintosh, St. Andrew's Temporary Cathedral, Beretania street, opposite the Hotel. English services on Sundays at 6½ and 11 A. M., and 2½ and 7½ P. M. Sunday School at the Clergy House at 10 A. M.

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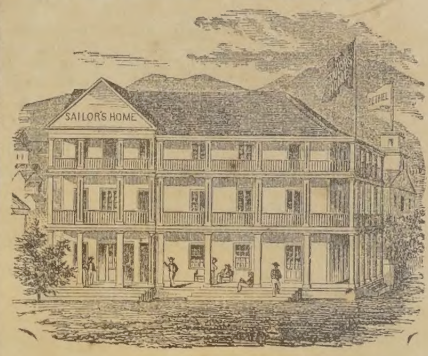

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Edited by a Committee of the Y. M. C. A.

The following poem, by the late W. C. Bryant, was written when he was 19 years of age, and first published in the *North American Review* in 1817:

Thanatopsis, or Contemplation of Death.

To him who, in the love of Nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language. For his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And gentle sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart,—
Go forth unto the open sky, and list
To nature's teachings, while from all around
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice—Yet a few days and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course. Nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim,
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.
Yet not to thy eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone; nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills,
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun; the vales,
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty; and the complaining brooks,
That make the meadow green; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce;
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings; yet—the dead are there;
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest; and what if thou shalt fall
Unnoticed by the living, and no friend
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come,
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
The bowed with age, the infant, in the smiles
And beauty of its innocent age cut off,—
Shall, one by one, be gathered to thy side,
By those who, in their turn, shall follow them.
So live that, when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

"Home Evangelization."

The Rev. Dr. Hyde preached at the Fort Street Church on Sabbath evening, June 23d. His subject was "Home Evangelization," a topic most happily chosen for the annual anniversary sermon on Home Missions, before the foreign community of Honolulu. Many of the facts, statements and statistics we have no doubt were quite new, even to many old residents and church-going people in Honolulu. While the reverend gentlemen gave due honor to the operations of the English, Catholic and American missions, not forgetting even the Mormons, and complimenting the foreign churches in Honolulu, Hilo and Makawao, we were somewhat surprised that he entirely ignored the efforts of the Young Men's Christian Association in behalf of the large Chinese element in our island community. The Chinese were not even alluded to, except among the "foreign population of the islands," while no reference was made to evangelistic efforts in their behalf. We have no thought that Dr. Hyde intentionally would ignore, overlook or undervalue this effort, because in his Theological School he has given gratuitous instruction to a Chinese student, Sat Fan, now employed as colporteur in Honolulu by the Y. M. C. A., in place of Sit Moon, who left for China on board the *Perusia*.

We hardly imagine that we can be mistaken, when we assert that "home evangelization" is more needed at the present time among the Chinese than any other class of our island population. In point of numbers, there must be seven or eight thousand Chinese on the islands, at least one-tenth, perhaps even a larger proportion of our population. Is it not true, that we have to-day more Chinese than Europeans, including all Americans? Yet how little is doing comparatively for their evangelization.

In the last report of the Y. M. C. A., we find that the sum of $440.75, (as published in the FRIEND for June) was expended for the Chinese mission. Beyond this we are not aware as anything has been done *pecuniarily* during the past year. A little better show for the coming year is apparent,—a colporteur having been employed on the Kohala Plantation, who is paid by that plantation. Another colporteur is called for at Hilo, but no one has as yet been secured. Has not the time come when vigorous efforts should be made to secure the services of a Chinese-speaking *foreign missionary*, who will organise a well-digested system of evangelistic efforts among our Chinese population, now numbering several thousands? Here is a noble and open field. The work has already been commenced. Mr. Sit Moon reports 120 Chinese Christian converts, including those who have arrived from China, coming from under the faithful labors of the Swiss or German missionaries. This is a subject, not of secondary importance, but claiming some well-digested plan of operation. No foreign immigrants on our Islands are becoming more identified with the future inhabitants of the Hawaiian Kingdom. They are quiet, industrious, saving, enterprising and law-abiding. They are accessible to the evangelist, if any one will go among them who can communicate with them in their own language or the Hawaiian or English. The evening school of Mr. Dunscombe during the past ten years indicates what might be done if the proper efforts are put forth. Here is a field ripe for the harvest. The Sabbath school, Sunday afternoon, at Fort Street, is in the right direction. Those instructing Chinese in their own families are doing good work. Sat Fan preaches to a respectable congregation of his countrymen at the Bethel, Sabbath evening. The Chinese Y. M. C. A. has made also a good beginning.

THE Y. M. C. A. OF PORTLAND, OREGON.—The lectures before the Y. M. C. A. are proving highly satisfactory. The first, by Hon. M. P. Deady, LL.D., of Portland, on "Trial by Jury," was very able and interesting. The second, by Rev. C. V. Anthony (this gentleman preached in Honolulu 1857-58), on "Joan of Arc, or Woman's Mission," was highly applauded. Bro. Anthony, by request, remained and delivered a second lecture on Thursday evening last; subject, "Sandwich Islands." The lecture was full of instructive facts and incidents.—*Exchange.*